

Middletown



Transcript.

VOL. I.

MIDDLETOWN, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1868.

NO. 20.

Select Poetry.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

I long to walk by the meadow brooks,
To haunt the fields and woods once more,
To loiter long in the shady nooks,
To tread the paths I have trod before,
Or under the spreading boughs to lie
And watch the clouds in the azure sky.

Close to me there will the wild bee hum,
His drowsy tune in the meadow grass,
And the wandering winds will go and come,
Gently fanning my face as they pass:

Then, hasten Summer—my whole heart longs
For thy beautiful flowers and the birds' gay
songs.

Oh! royal Summer, I long for thee!
As the turtle-dove for its mate when away!

Sweet is the scent of thy breath to me!
So come in thy beauty, nor long delay,

But bring the joy of thy honeyed hours,
The birds' gay songs and the beautiful flow-

ers.

With crimson and gold will the sunsets burn
Far down in the West at the close of day,

Oh! haste, sweet Summer, haste to return!

Ah! when will the Winter pass away?

My heart with a passionate yearning longs
For the beautiful flowers and the birds' gay
songs.

Popular Tales.

From the *Lady's Friend*.

MY LAST COURSHIP.

Twenty-five years ago I was a bachelor, which accounts for the fact that on a certain cold, cheerless, November evening, I sat alone in my study, which in point of comfort, corresponded painfully with the weather.

It was only on such a night as this one, that a thought of resigning my much prized independence ever occurred to me. But just then it seemed to me that a neat, cherry little figure sitting on the other side of the fire-place, in a certain dingy arm-chair which stood there empty, would not have been disagreeable. Nor did my independence seem to me at that moment quite so desirable a state as usual. I sighed deeply; the fact was I felt very lonely.

A knock at the door interrupted my meditations. It was Robert, my servant, with the letters. Now Robert was a very pleasant person, but his appearance jarred very disagreeably on my feelings, so little did he resemble the neat, cherry figure, which I had been contemplating with my mind's eye. Consequently he was rather a rude interruption to such sweet dreams, and rather calculated to make an old bachelor feel foolish and guilty when caught in the very act of painting sentimental visions. But I forgave him for the sake of the documents which he bore.

Amongst them was one peculiarly appropriate to my state of mind. It came from Arthur Clayton, an old college friend, residing in a quiet little village, Wakeland by name, far distant from the noise and turmoil of cities. I read, and in spirit I was carried far away from my desolate study. I beheld woods wherein yet clung the remnants of scarlet and golden drapery. Instead of a cold, lifeless atmosphere, fresh country breezes seemed to sweep against my face, and the dismal whistling of the wind, for an instant sounded like the piping of autumnal birds.

"I will go!" I ejaculated, as, near the end of my epistle, these words met my eye: "Come, then, my dear old boy, and make us a visit! You could hardly fail to enjoy yourself, for you would have the society of three charming damsels, viz. my sisters. If you have not taken any vows of perpetual celibacy, I give you full permission to win the heart and hand of either of the capricious damsels. If you can, is of course understood. I am, however, afraid that a brother's consent will not very much influence either Carrie, Kathie, or Nellie!"

That same night a letter was dispatched to Wakeland, and three days later I was in the cars on my way thither. As I drew near my destination I became considerably agitated. Perhaps the crisis of my fate was approaching. It seemed very certain to me that such was the case. How was it possible for any one to be composed with such an important moment almost in view?

Mentally I considered my personal appearance. I was forty-five, and did not look young for my age; tall, and, some said, good looking. This innocent, little piece of flattery I had never considered of any importance before, but now I repeated it over to myself again and again, with much self-complacency. I had neither an eagle eye nor raven locks; such charms, however, especially by sensible young ladies, would not be thought indispensable. My optics were of a light-grayish hue, and my hair brown, thick and curly. But I would be silent here, if necessity did not compel me to speak—the latter was not that which Nature had bestowed upon me. The ceaseless friction of thirty-five years, as they rolled over my head had worn away my own dark locks, and for half a score of years had kindly supplied others in their place! This fact, I said to myself, will never be discovered, so that it would be foolish to rank it among the objections to my appearance. And should any unlucky chance cause such an unfortunate disclosure, my own mental attractions, I hope, will counterbalance the defect." So I lulled to rest those uneasy thoughts which would intrude in the midst of my most pleasant speculations.

On the whole I was rather satisfied than otherwise with my mental survey, and I awaited the "crisis" with more calmness than before.

At twelve o'clock, on a cool clear night, I stepped from the stage (in which I had traveled fifteen miles,) at the Wakeland tavern. A short walk brought me to Mr. Clayton's door, where, cold and tired, I knocked hastily for admittance. It was opened by an elderly gentleman whom I rightly conjectured to be the father of my friend.

After a hasty welcome, I was ushered into a library, where a bright wood-fire sparkled and glowed between a pair of old fashioned brass andirons; a ruddy reflection played over the walls and furniture, and the heavy crimson curtains, with which the windows were draped, were brightened by the flashes of light which flickered and quivered over them.

"You are no doubt surprised at not seeing my son," remarked Mr. Clayton, after we were seated; "he was obliged to leave home a few days ago on important and unforeseen business; he will, however, return to-morrow morning, if possible. He regretted exceedingly being absent upon your arrival."

At that instant a servant entered, bearing a tray, on which a nice little supper was arranged.

"Can it be possible that either of these three goddesses is able to make such delicious coffee?" I asked myself, as I sipped the smoking beverage, and then added—"for should either of them possess that power, here is, at once, a point in her favor."

As I was leaving the apartment, I turned my head to catch a glimpse of the cheerful scene which had greeted my entrance. It formed altogether so pleasant a picture, that involuntarily, I drew a comparison between it and my old dingy study; at the same time blessing every one of the many hundred miles which separated me from it.

When I parted with my host for the night, it was with the comfortable reflection that I had made an agreeable impression upon him. With the favor of both father and brother, what might I not dare to hope?

"I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to my wife and daughters in the morning," Mr. Clayton had remarked, as he bade me good night, and I fell asleep wondering which would be the one, Carrie, Kathie, or Nellie.

The ringing of the bell broke in, unceremoniously, upon my pleasant slumbers the ensuing morning. As I became more fully aroused, I heard the quick patter of rain-drops against the window panes. I must confess I was not very much provoked. "It will be a capital day to become acquainted with the three graces," I thought, and speedily commenced the operation of dressing.

"Horrid girl!" I mentally exclaimed. And thus the mystery was explained. I have never seen either Carrie, Kathie or Nellie since, nor have I ever married. An old bachelor I am (for which I never quite decided which to blame, the wig or rat,) and an old bachelor I shall always remain.—Vale!

Learn a Trade.

Stephen Girard had a favorite clerk, and he always said he "intended to do well by Ben Lippincott." "So when Ben got to be twenty-one, he expected to hear the "governor" say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage.

"I suppose I am now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, yes, I know you are," said the millionaire; "and my advice is that you go and learn the cooper's trade."

Then, as though in the mirror of a magician, there arose before me a table, laden with smoking viands, and five anxious faces turned towards the door, watching for my appearance. This aroused me to renewed exertions. I searched in my vase, I looked in my pockets and in my hat, I peered into my boots and into my water-pitcher, but all in vain! Then somebody knocked at the door.

"Breakfast, sir."

"Tell them not to wait for me; I'll be down shortly," I cried, hastily.

I heard the servant as she descended the stairs, but I remained, standing motionless in the centre of my apartment. Then, with the calmness of despair, I seated myself before the table, and drawing money from my pocket, laid it thereon.

With a sinking heart I watched the hands as they moved slowly around the accustomed circle. My feelings were those of a condemned criminal whose doom was approaching.

Then the magic mirror seemed again placed before me; but the "spirit of my dream" had changed. I perceived the five faces now not only anxious but alarmed: the smoking viands had disappeared, and in their places I perceived the cold and tasteless remains of the morning meal. This vision was dissolved by a second rap at the door. This time it was Mr. Clayton himself who responded to my question, "Who's there?"

I reluctantly approached the door, and, opening it, stood before him.

With a momentary glance of surprise at the shining plate, which the evening before he had seen so thickly covered with clattering locks, he informed me that, thinking I might be ill, he had come up to see if I required anything which he could give me.

As briefly as possible I explained my dilemma, and inquired at what hour the next stage left for Wakeland.

"My dear sir! You cannot think of leaving us so soon! This morning? Why, my wife and daughters you have not even seen, and my son has not returned."

Most things in life seldom turn out as good as we hope, or as bad as we fear.

Mr. Clayton uttered this speech in disjointed exclamations, and I imagined that he endeavored to conceal his amusement at the ludicrous spectacle which I presented.

"I cannot stay, sir. It is impossible—I must leave in the next stage," I replied.

"It starts in an hour; but I cannot permit you to—"

"Do not urge me to remain, sir," I interrupted. "You are very kind, but in my present situation you see it is impossible."

After again expressing his regret at my abrupt departure, Mr. Clayton left the apartment to order my breakfast to be sent up.

Meanwhile, the rain continued to descend in a most steady and determined manner; but I viewed it with altered feelings. It might be a "capital day" for cultivating the friendship of three young ladies, but not for travelling fifteen miles in a rickety stage, and minus a wig.

An hour later I issued from the hospitable mansion of Mr. Clayton, a dismal figure, enveloped head and body in a heavy water-proof cloak. Like Lot's wife, I must needs cast one parting glance behind. As I turned, my eye involuntarily fell upon the library window. "Oh, ye gods! Did ever three pairs of coal-black eyes strike such terror to the heart of man! I should rather think not. They had all seen me! This was the last drop in my cup of sorrow; it was full before, but now it was running over. They had all seen me!"

As speedily as possible I fled beyond the reach of those piercing glances, for did I feel quite safe until, closely encircled with in the stage, I travelled rapidly toward my weather.

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Consequently he was rather a rude interruption to such sweet dreams, and rather calculated to make an old bachelor feel foolish and guilty when caught in the very act of painting sentimental visions.

But I forgave him for the sake of the documents which he bore.

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The Middletown Transcript.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1868.

The vote on impeachment was postponed on Tuesday last, until to day. It was found that certain Republican Senators were opposed to conviction, and it was feared that if the vote was taken on that day, that the President would be acquitted. This is not the reason assigned for the adjournment in the Senate,—ostensibly, it was the illness of Mr. Howard. But this is well understood. And if there is no prospect of conviction, the vote will be postponed again, today. The Senators who avowed themselves in opposition, were Messrs. Fessenden, Trumbull, Grimes, and Henderson. The intensest excitement has prevailed in the Radical ranks, ever since. Forney and Greeley have raved like drabs, and the former has resigned his clerkship of the Senate, that he may wield without stint his editorial falchion upon the necks of the recusants. This is Forney's story, but rumor has it, that he hopes to step into Cameron's shoes, in the Senate, and that this is only a preparatory move in that direction.

Grave Charge Against a Respectable Citizen of Kent County, Md.

We clip the following from the Baltimore Sun, of Monday:

Abel J. Rees was before United States Commissioner Rogers, on Friday evening, charged with taking from the postoffice at Rees's corner, Kent county, Md., letters containing valuable articles which were intended to be forwarded to the dead-letter office at Washington. He gave bail in \$5,000 with E. D. S. Handy for a further examination on Wednesday next.

The Sun of Thursday, has the following, in reference to the same case:

A further hearing was had last evening before the commissioner. The letter was returned from the dead letter office at Washington to the writer, the prosecuting witness, an Italian, named Robert Lloyd, who alleged that the letter contained eighteen postage stamps. The witness testified that the charge was admitted by Rees, and that Rees offered him \$1,500 to compromise the case, which he declined, and Rees threatened to kill his life. The defense is that Rees is a respectable man, and that the charge is an attempt to extort money.

Mr. Rees, we learn, is the possessor of considerable property, and it is hardly probable that he would descend to such small peculations as that charged upon him, even if he were disposed to enter upon a career of the kind. The charge is, doubtless, either the effect of malice, or an attempt to extort money, as the defense alleges. On Thursday Mr. Rees was honorably discharged.

Morris Foley, while plowing, last week, near Twelve Mile Grove, Illinois, was killed by a flash of lightning from an enclosed sky.

The electricity probably escaped from the earth, instead of the air, as has been known sometimes to happen. In a little book entitled the "Annals of Annapolis," it is recorded that on the day when the dome of the Capitol was completed in the ancient city of Ann, there was a clasp of thunder in a cloudless sky. The phenomenon was probably similar to that in Illinois.

THE SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUSTS.—These insects are making their way to the surface of the earth; a number have been plowed up by the farmers in this vicinity, during the past week. Hogs are very fond of them, and root them up and devour them with avidity. A number of hogs have been killed by eating them in Washington county, Md. Where these insects are plenty, hogs should not be permitted to run at large, but should be confined in pens.

The Republican National Convention meets at Chicago on Wednesday next. The impeachment excitement has thrown it quite into the shade. The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger made the following announcement on Wednesday:

A. T. Stewart, of New York, report has it, was in consultation with General Grant relative to the nomination at Chicago, and both Grant and Stewart decided that Grant must decline to permit his name to be submitted to the Convention for nomination.

Five thousand pounds of snapping turtles passed over the Delaware Railroad to the city markets, one day last week. Won't "green turtle soup" be abundant now, for a time, and won't they be green who "swallow" it?

Captain B. F. Walmsley has sold his farm known as "Mary's Park," situated about two miles from Cecilton, containing 140 acres, to Joseph Biggs, Esq., for eighteen thousand dollars.

The new Board of Trustees of the Cecil county Almshouse, have appointed Stephen Pluck, overseer. Stephen is now the head and pluck of that institution.

The town tax, in Elkton, is \$1800 per annum. The taxes in Middletown, last year, amounted to \$1146.78.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

THE TABLEAUX VIVANTS.—Our correspondents have done such ample justice to the subject, that we are relieved of any necessity of adding anything to what has been so well said by them. We feel it due to the ladies, however, to say, that the exhibition was highly creditable to their taste and skill, and that the auditors must have been fastidious, indeed, if any were not pleased. The opening presentation

The Seasons—was much admired; also the Knighting of Sir Walter Raleigh; the Signing of the Death Warrant of Essex; the Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots; and of Joan of Arc; Hiawatha's Wooing; Mercy's Dream; Love's Young Dream; Woman's Rights; and the Old Folks.

Artemas Ward's "Wax Figgers" equalled anything we ever witnessed upon the boards following the legitimate drama.

Mirth and humor were personified; and Artemas, rising with the spirit of the occasion, glowed with enthusiasm in praise of his show, until he became sublimely ludicrous, and literally "brought down the house." That long-tailed coat, too, shall we never look upon its like again?

What pity that Mr. Horning had not brought his camera to bear upon it, so that the semblance of it and its wearer might have been preserved. The actors in this scene—principal and assistants—sustained their roles with admirable fidelity, and would have provoked even a cynic to merriment. We must not omit to mention, with becoming commendation, the amateur orchestra which evoked from their instruments each evening such a "concord of sweet sounds" as heightened the general enjoyment, and elicited the admiration of all present. The net proceeds amounted to \$225, a sum which attests the liberality of this community towards their Sabbath Schools.

RACE AGAINST TIME.—Frank Hull, a young carpenter, of this town, a native of Massachusetts, will run five miles in 35 minutes, over the Warwick course, on Whit-Monday, for a wager of \$200, offered by some parties in Wilmington. He runs every pleasant evening over a half mile course, bounded by Anderson and Catherine streets. He ran four miles and a half, one evening this week, in 32 minutes, after a hard day's work, and did not blow at it. He dresses in a plain gray Zouave dress, with gaiters and white stockings, and wears a small gray cap. If no mishap befalls him he will win the wager with ease. There will be several trials of horse-speed, the same day, it is said.

The following gentlemen were elected Directors of the Kent County Rail Road, for the ensuing year, at an election held at Chestertown, on Monday last:—George Vickers, Thomas W. Eliason, William B. Wilmer, J. B. Fenimore, Isaac C. Parsons, Thomas J. Shallcross, Abel J. Rees, Wm. Janvier.

Chase Went to Grant or Wade.

"Mack," the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, in a letter dated the 21st, in speaking of the nomination of Pendleton; says;

Mr. Chase neither asks nor expects the Democratic party to support him, however gratified he might be to see them do so.

Nor is it much of a secret in Washington, that as between Grant and Wade and Pendleton, and whoever else may be nominated at New York, Mr. Chase's preferences will not be for the former. He would be much less human and more divine than men generally are in this world if he were inclined to give his influence or his support to men who have done their best to slander and malign him in the exercise of his highest judicial functions, and to bring discredit on him as a man because he acted uprightly and conscientiously as a judge. So it need not astonish any one to find many of Mr. Chase's warmest personal friends actively and earnestly supporting the Democratic nominee next fall, and that nominee will be Mr. Pendleton, beyond all doubt.

There is undoubtedly considerable feeling on the part of Mr. Chase's friends at the shabby manner in which he has been treated by the impeachers, and as they see the old hulk of Radicalism tottering and trembling, preparatory to the final swoop which will bury it beneath the waves of oblivion, they are getting ready to abandon it.

For the Middletown Transcript.

NEAR MIDDLETOWN, May 12th, 1868.

Mr. Editor:—I noticed in the Transcript of the 9th inst. a communication signed "An Observer,"—truly an observer. With all due deference to her opinion and years, I will here suggest a few biblical hints, which I hope will be sufficient to arouse in her mind a disposition to observe these words:—"Physician heal thyself." "Cast the beam out of thine own eye." The doctrine of judging others is "not sanctioned in the writings of the Bible," but meets with disapproval from Him "who spake as never man spake," for "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Has not the M. E. Church always practiced such fete? Are its walls too sacred for any entertainments and amusements? I need not answer these questions; the past history of that church is a sufficient answer. But the point which I wish to come at is, "The Church has resorted to means that a few years ago they would have blushed at." Now if "An Observer" can show me an instance where "the Church" ever held tableaux, fairs, &c. in the church or any other consecrated building, I will then feel at liberty to take my pen again.

Democratic Meeting.

An adjourned meeting of the Democrats of Appoquinimink Hundred was held at Blackbird on Saturday, the 9th inst.

Jacob C. Vandyke Chairman, and Jas. C. Wilson Secretary.

On motion of Samuel Townsend, a committee of five, viz: Thomas Deacon, Samuel Townsend, Benjamin David, James Douton, William E. Evans, was appointed to report the names of five men to serve as Delegates to the County convention for the purpose of assisting to appoint Delegates to the Democratic National Convention to be held in New York on the 4th day of July, and a candidate for Vice President, also in said County convention to assist in fixing on a day for holding an election to nominate a candidate for Sheriff and a candidate for Coroner of the County. Said Committee retired and in due time returned and reported the following named persons to serve as Delegates to the County Convention, Samuel Townsend, James L. Davis, William Weldon, Owen C. Crow, James Huffman.

On motion the report was adopted.

On motion it was ordered that the proceedings of this meeting be published in the *Delaware Gazette* and *Middletown Transcript*.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

J. C. VANPYKE, Chas.

J. C. WILSON, Sec.

C. M. L.

Letter from Baltimore.

Correspondence of the *Middletown Transcript*.

BALTIMORE, May 13th, 1868.

MR. EDITOR:—The recent exhibition of Tableaux in your town reflected great credit on the ladies and gentlemen engaged in the enterprise. The success of the affair in a pecuniary point of view, as well as in merit and receiving the applause of the refined and intelligent audience assembled on both evenings, must be very gratifying to those interested. We do not belong to that severe type of critics who leave out of view that man's nature is many-sided, that there is an element in him which calls for amusement, as well as the instincts which prompt him to "life's toil and endeavor." If amusements of an innocent and rational kind are provided for him, the thirst for forbidden excitements will be dissipated, and with a lighter heart he will go on to meet the stern realities of life with no bias to cause him to diverge from the line which marks the "eternal fitness of things." If, therefore, while promoting the pleasure and gratifying the taste of our people, a good cause can, at the same time, be advanced, it is not worthy of all commendation to accomplish the double object? We present the question to your correspondent, "An Observer," and ask him to answer it in some of his long-drawn verses, which

Like a wounded serpent, Drags their slow length along."

It may seem invidious to criticize the scenes individually, but we can't forbear expressing some of the impressions made on our mind as we gazed with admiration on the beautiful faces and forms that appeared before us.

The Seasons made a charming picture. There were three graceful maidens with Winter standing by, and, like the ancient Gorgon, chilling the blood in one's veins.

Burns and his Highland Mary must have kindled a feeling of pleasure in the breast of every one who is not dead to sentiment.

The Knighting of Sir Walter Raleigh was a scene worthy of the pencil of an artist. The costume and the grouping of the figures displayed superior taste and skill.

Love's dream with its sleeping beauty and its little Cupid, both of whom seemed to the critics of our State, and others, whose names are not unknown to fame in connection with our late civil war. The bright colors of the ladies' dresses, the stylish equipages, the prancing steeds and the marching columns, all set upon a back ground of emerald turf, formed a truly picturesque scene; and the martial music discoursed by the regimental band rendered the occasion one of unusual attractiveness.

So you see, in spite of the impending action of the Senate and its consequences, we have time and inclination to amuse ourselves with military parades or any other diversion that may offer.

The apathy of the American people under the existing revolutionary tendency of action on the part of the legislative branch of the Government, is a matter of surprise to the nations of Europe. The foreign press comments freely on the impeachment and speaks wonderingly of the pacific spirit of this late belligerent nation.

The postponement of the verdict of the Senate surprised very few; though it does seem striking that a body of men pretending to possess ordinary intelligence and honesty should be guilty of such glaring inconsistencies. Upon the plea of public good requiring the greatest expedition in disposing of the trial, the Senate refused to allow the President a space of time equal to that accorded to the meanest criminal, for the preparation of his defense, and displayed the most indecent haste in forcing him to trial. Now, however, Senator Howard, having indulged freely in green peas at dinner, suffers from an attack of cholera morbus, and the country is requested to wait until the Hon. Senator has recovered from his indisposition, which it is hopefully presumed will be Saturday. Of course no one is deceived by this excuse of the illness of Mr. Howard, and it is plainly to be seen that the Senate been forced to a vote, without doubt the President would have been acquitted. This move is merely to gain time, as it is thought sufficient pressure may be brought to bear upon the "doubtful Senators" by the appointed time to secure their votes and insure conviction. Should this fail, the decision will undoubtedly be further delayed and any means resorted to for the purpose of carrying out the radical schemes.

"Mounting barbed steeds To fight the souls of fearful adversaries...

For piety and spiciness Woman's Rights was unsurpassable. The satisfaction of the heroine at having subjugated one of the lords of creation gleamed out too clearly to be mistaken.

Mercy's Dream has received well merited praise from those who have a high taste and keen appreciation for the beautiful. It was a portrayal of such a picture as visits a poet's brain.

Moses Dressing for the Fair and Joys of a Bachelor were full of humor.

For humor and comic effect, however, it is universally conceded that Artemas Ward's Wax Figgers were unsurpassed and unsurpassable. The speech of Artemas was as full of humor as an egg is full of meat.

The old coat with its redundant tail, the pantaloons with dangling straps, and the other appurtenances that made up the hero of the occasion, were sufficiently bizarre for Punch himself. The beautiful Tambourine girl fully equalled the description given of her in Artemas's own inimitable words and style. Ole Bull and the Musical Genius did their part with vigor and a will. The Pugilists, "who decided the battle of Waterloo," were animated and stirring in their efforts. The Snuff Takers—Lady Washington and Lord Cornwallis—were a good exemplification of staleness unbending itself most ludicrously. The Organ-grinder turned his crank as if the fate of the universe depended on it—with a look of gravity which proclaimed that he had the weight of the "unintelligible world" on his soul.

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We confess our inability to give an adequate description of that part of the closing scene of the exhibition, when Artemas, having wound up his Figgers and put them in rapid motion, threw himself with such gusto into the dance, and, in tripping on the "light fantastic toe," showed himself no mean disciple of Terpsichore. Better try to paint the lightning's flash than to attempt to give a description which will equal the reality.

There are other points we would like to mention (if time allowed) while writing on the Tableaux, but we must rest contented with this meagre description, which, though it may be deemed incomplete and unsatisfactory by the actors and spectators, may yet be sufficiently readable to engage the attention of the unfortunates who will not be present.

We will not close, however, without expressing our high appreciation of the very excellent music which enlivened the intervals between the acts. The sweetness of the violin and the well-touched keys of the piano, together with the accompanying instruments, made a concord of sweet sounds which bespeak high skill on the part of the amateurs engaged. The audience was highly delighted by the clear, musical, mocking-bird notes which accompanied the instruments for a time, but, although, like Oliver Twist, they cried for "more," they were left to unavailing regrets, and could only wonder that whistling could be made such a high art. We will close, Mr. Editor, with the hope that these "jottings by the way" will call forth

Another duel was fought near Baltimore, between Colonel P. X. Green, of Missouri, and Daniel Wright, Esq., of Baltimore. Both parties were wounded on the first shot. Green in the shoulder and Wright in the leg. Neither was very seriously hurt. A second shot was insisted on by one of the parties, but was objected to by his second.

MARRIED.

At the Protestant Episcopal Church, Chestertown, on Wednesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, Mr. Edwin P. Janvier to Miss Maggie J. Gemmill, all of Kent county.

DIED.

On Monday last, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Samuel C. Thomas, Odessa, Mrs. Mary H. Fell. Her funeral will take place this morning at 10 o'clock.

In New Castle Hundred, on the 8th inst. Mrs. Ann Morris, wife of James Morris, in her 68th year.

In Christiansburg, April 23rd. Mrs. Hannah Brattin, in the 92d year of her age.

Paint Brushes and Sash Tools.

FOR SALE BY

J. A. REYNOLDS & SONS.

May 16, 1868—3m.

John COCHRAN,

Near Middletown, Del.

THE MARKETS.

MIDDLETON MARKET.

Wheat, prime red.	\$2 75

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The Middletown Transcript
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY HENRY VANDERFORD,
Office corner Main and Scott streets, over
D. L. Dunning's Book and Variety Store.

TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum, payable in advance.
Single copies five cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.—One square of ten lines, \$1.
For the first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. One square per year \$16; six months \$8. For a quarter of a column three months \$8; six months \$16; one year, with the privilege of four changes, \$25; for half a column \$50. Fractions of a square to be counted as a square. When the number of insertions is not marked, advertisements will be continued until full payment is made.

Advertisers must be registered with the Office published at advertising rates: Marriages and Deaths inserted free. Yearly advertisers must confine their advertisements to their own business. All letters should be addressed to The MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT, Middletown, Del.

KENT COUNTY RAIL ROAD.

SUB-CONTRACTS FOR grading the Kent County Railroad from Middletown to the Susquehanna River, day and night, will be given at the office of the subscribers, Chestertown, where printed specifications and full particulars may be obtained by personal application or by mail, and bids will be received till the 16th of May. The line is divided into sections of one or two miles in length, and is very easily worked.

ALFRED F. SEARS
for Sears, Backus, and Sandford,
Chestertown, Md. May 9, 1868.

NOTICE.
THE Town Assessor has completed his Assessment for the present year, and the Town Commissioners will hold a Court of Appeals on Monday, May 11th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., before which time all citizens having complaints to lay against the assessment are notified to attend.
By Order of Town Commissioners,
J. T. BUDD,
May 9-1868.

Secretary.

NEW GOODS.

Spring and Summer Opening!!

AT
J. A. Reynolds & Sons'
MIDDLETOWN.

HAVING replenished our Stock with a large and complete assortment of Spring and Summer Goods, we are now enabled to offer extra inducements to the people of Middletown and vicinity, as the following will show:

Calicoes do 10 1/2 and 14 cents per yard.

B'd Muslins 10 1/2, 15, 20 and 25 " "

Unbleached do 10 1/2, 14, 16 and 20 " "

5-4 Pillow Case do 25, 31, and 37 " "

Am'r and Russian Crash, 12 1/2, 15, and 18 " "

American Ginghams 12 1/2, 15, and 20 " "

Ticking 25, 35 and 45 " "

D E S S GOODS.

American Lawns 20, 22, and 25 per yard.

Jacquard do 31 1/2, 45 and 51 " "

Plaid and Fig. Cambrics 22, 25 and 31 " "

American Delains 20, 22 and 25 " "

All Wool do 37 1/2, 45 and 50 " "

Black and Colored Alpacas 50 to 90 " "

Silk-Mixed & all Wool Poplins 50 to 1,25 " "

Coatings and Cassimeres.

A small stock of 2-1 Coatings and Cloakings, consisting of Tricots, Pique, Doe-Skins, &c., in Black and Fancy Colors, ranging in price from \$1 to \$60 to \$6 per yard.

Fancy Cassimeres for Pants and Vests 90, \$1 25, \$1 50, \$1 75 and \$2 00 per yard.

NOTIONS, &c.

Spoil Cotton 5, 8 and 10 cts per Spool.

Knitting do 62 1/2, 75, and 87 1/2 per LB.

Linens Hds' 10, 12 1/2, 18, 25 and 35 cts each.

Ladies' Mises and Children's White Cotton Hose a 12 1/2, 15, 25, 37 1/2 and 50 cents per pair.

Ladies and Mises Hoop Skirts a 50, 75, \$1 00

\$1 25, \$1 50 each.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Ladies' Lasting Gaiters a \$1, 25, \$1, 50, \$2, 00 and \$2, 50 per pair.

Misses' Lasting Gaiters a \$1, 00, \$1, 25, \$1, 50 and \$1, 75 per pair.

Gents' and Boys Lasting gaiters a \$2, 00, \$2, 50 and \$3, 00 per pair.

Gents' Cal' Boots \$5, 00 \$5, 50 and \$6, 00 per pair.

G O C E R I E S.

Brown and White Sugars at 12 1/2, 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18 cents per lb.

Laguanya and Rio Coffee 25, 28, and 31 cts per lb.

Green and Black Teas \$1, 00 \$1, 25 \$1, 50 and \$2, 00 per lb.

Brown and White Soaps at 6, 8 and 10 cents per lb.

Molasses at 50, 62 1/2, 75 and 95 cts per gallon.

Please call and examine!

JOHN A. REYNOLDS & SONS.

April 25, 1868.

Excelsior Reaper & Mower.

New Yorker Reaper & Mower.

Little Giant Reaper & Mower.

Woods' Reaper & Mower.

STONER STEEL TOOTH RAKE.

Westinghouse Threshing Machine.

For Sale at the Agricultural Warehouse of

E. T. EVANS,

Middletown, Del.

10,000 SALMOM BRICKS,

10,000 Red Bricks,

20,000 Hard Bricks.

FOR SALE BY

E. T. EVANS,

Middletown, Del.

G. & H. BARMORE,

PIANO FORTE

MANUFACTURERS

Ware-rooms, 348 Bleecker Street, New York City.

32 Years Established, and 27 Prize Medals Awarded.

Our Piano Fortes are now universally acknowledged by the most eminent musical critics and judges as the best in the world, and their great popularity is well known.

Our Piano Fortes are now introduced and we are not required to say one word in their favor, their excellence stands for itself.

They are the result of great labor and expense.

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Poetic Trifles.

WOULD IT?

Do you think if I'd a baby
That I'd let it pull my hair?
Do you think I'd put on collars
Just to let him soil and tear?
Do you think I'd call him a boy
When he bites his little toe?
Yet I've known some silly mothers
With their babies just do so.

Do you think I'd set him crying
Just too see his canning frown?
Do you think I'd set him walking
Just to see him tumble down?
Would I call my baby pretty
When he'd neither wash nor hair?
Yet I've known some silly mothers
With their babies, think they are.

Would I buy him drums and rattles
Just to hear him make a crash?
Would I watch him most delighted
Break my mirror all to shucks?
Would I have him in flannels
Just because his voice was low?
Does he up with belladonna?
Silly mothers treat them so.

Would I think his brow Byronic
Just because it was so bare?
And his head Napoleon?
In his mouth enough man hair?
Could I trace the mark of genius
In his eyebrow arched and low?
Yet I've known some silly mothers
With their babies think just so.

Would I think my baby destined
To become a man?
And to govern and control them
By the might of sword or pen?
I dare say these noisy babies
Play the very deuce—I know;

And I've seen the wisest women,
With their babies just think so.

The Empress Eugenie.

A recent letter from Paris thus deftly sketches this lady, about whom so much has been written: "Unlike the French women—who are short and dumpy, especially in middle life—the Empress is queenly in form, tall, slim, and stately.

Unlike the French women, whose complexions are dark, sallow, and even dingy, the Empress's face is as white as alabaster.

Her eye is clear, but piercing; her smile

captivating; her bow gracious. Arrayed

in her regal robes, she is magnificent. Ev-

erything about her is in keeping. Her taste

is unequalled. Everything is in proportion,

and one part is suited to the other. She

knows what will agree with her complexion to the exact shade of ribbon. You can

suggest no alteration in her dress. On

state occasions when she greets the public

eye she wears everything regal and stately

that becomes her station. On ordinary

occasions her dress is very plain, very sim-

ple, yet very taking. Her hat seems to be

the central point of her dress. If it is

brown or blue, green or crimson, her gloves,

scarf, ornaments, and apparel correspond.

Her spirits are exuberant; her disposition

joyous, and she seems disposed to enjoy her

position. On her last visit to England she

was the guest of the Queen. A review

was held in St. James's Park in her honor,

which she beheld from the balcony of Buck-

ingham Palace, in company with Victoria

and Napoleon. She was joyous as a

school girl. She clapped her hands and

shouted in her French style like a little

girl at the grand display. Her buoyancy

and gleefulness of manner, not to say friv-

ility, shocked the dignified and sober

Queen of England; and more than once

Victoria laid her hand on the shoulder of

her fair visitor, and reminded her that

such wild outbursts of feeling were per-

fectly natural, they were not regal!"

GRANVILLE WORRELL,

220 AND 222 MARKET STREET,

Wilmington, Del.

AMERICAN, ENGLISH, GERMAN AND FRENCH

DRY GOODS.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

CARPETS and Oil Cloths.

CHINA AND CALCUTTA

MATTINGS, MATS, RUGS, &c. &c.

WE are prepared to fill orders for Churches,

Hotels, Private Dwellings and Public Build-

ings, furnishing them complete, including Sheets,

Blankets, Counterpanes, Towels, Curtains, Cen-

tral Heating, Oil Stoves, &c. &c.

Orders will be taken and estimates furnished

of the whole cost, with articles furnished or oth-

erwise, as parties commencing housekeeping may

prefer.

We cannot enumerate even leading depart-

ments, owing to the extent of our business, but

have a full assortment of various lines in

DRESS FABRICS,

MOURNINGS,

WHITE GOODS,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HOSIERY,

FLANNELS, &c. &c. &c.

Our large surface, combined with our inti-

mate and extensive acquaintance with the largest

and best Importing and Domestic Houses of this

country give us, we believe, advantages shared

by no other house to the same extent in Delaware,

and we wish distinctly to state that we are pre-

pared to sell *always as low or lower than Philadelphia* Merchant.

THE MOTO OF THE HOUSE

CHEAP, PROMPT AND RELIABLE.

March 7, 1868—1

POUDRETTÉ.

EIGHTEEN YEARS FAIR TRIAL!

THEIR is no better Manure in the market for

all kinds of Crops. POURRETTÉ at 50 cents

per bushel, or \$26 per ton, delivered at Railroad

and Steamboat, in Philadelphia. Manufactured—On the Head, above the Arsenal, Philadel-

phia; Peirson's Farm, Gloucester, N. Jersey;

Woodbury Railroad.

DEALERS—FRENCH, RICHARDS & CO. 4th

and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, and for sale

by Seed and Agricultural Implement Dealers gen-

erally. Office—420 Library Street, back of the

new Post Office, Philadelphia. Liberal Dis-

count to Dealers.

March 14, 2-m

BLACKSMITH'S COAL. For sale by

E. T. EVANS.

April 11, 1868.

BENJAMIN F. MAY,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 79 South Street, opposite the Corn Exchange,
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE subscriber having been at the head of the State Grain Office, in the city of Baltimore for the last five years, thereby having acquired considerable experience in the Grain Trade, and now engaged in a General Commission Business, would respectfully solicit a share of patronage from Agriculturists and Forwarders of Grain and Produce to the city. Such consignments will at all times be attended to with promptness and accuracy, and returns of the highest prices made.

AUTHORIZED REFERENCES:

Ex-Governor Bradford, of Maryland, Col. E. H. Webster, Collector of Baltimore. Gen. Edward Shriver, Postmaster, of Baltimore. Hon. John M. Frazier, Baltimore. Hon. Abram McCullough, M. D., of Cecil County. Hon. Alexander Evans, of " " Hon. George V. Vinton, of Kent " " Col. John Wilkinson, of " " Col. James Wallace, of Dorchester " " Dr. Francis P. Phelps, of " " Hon. Wm. H. Purcell, of Worcester " " Hon. Alfred Spates, of Allegany " " Messrs. Clabough & Harris, of Carroll " " Hon. Fred. Maddox, of St. Mary's " " Hon. Richard Mackall, of Calvert " " Hon. Vanderford, Esq., Middletown, Delaware. January 4, 1868—6m.

DR. MUSGROVE,
DENTIST,
ELKTON, MARYLAND,

TEETH—Opposite the Presbyterian Church. Teeth Extracted without Pain by the use of NITROUS OXIDE GAS; or by the latest improvement—the SPARK PRODUCER, formed by Rigidine or Ether.

Narcotic Spray is used where sensitive teeth are to be excavated preparatory to filling. Also, for PAINLESS removal of the Dental Pulp, and for minor surgical operations.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH inserted, from one to a full set.

Persons from a distance desiring protracted operations will please, notify by mail, or otherwise, thereby saving disappointment and loss of time.

Tooth Powder and Mouth Wash kept constantly on hand; also, Dr. J. D. White's Dentine.

THOMAS H. MUSGROVE, D. D. S.

Elkton, Md., January 18, 1868—ly

MIDDLETOWN HOTEL.

L. R. DAVIS, Proprietor.

THIS well-known and popular establishment is still the favorite resort of the traveling public. The proprietor spares no pains to insure the comfort of his guests. A well-furnished TABLE, the choicest brands of LIQUORS, CIGARS and TOBACCO; his acknowledged experience as an abundant caterer, combined with attentive waiters, make him a most moderate charges, and feels assured, secure to him a confidence of the liberal patronage of the public.

—HORSES AND MULES are always to be found on sale at his Stables, during the proper season; and persons in want of such stock can readily supply themselves on accommodating terms.

January 4—6m.

JOB PRINTING.

WE would call special attention to our stock of

Table and Shirting Linens,

BLEACHED AND

UNBLEACHED MUSLINS,

CALICOES AND DOMESTICS.

A FULL LINE OF CLOTHS AND

PROGRAMMES,

BALL TICKETS,

PROMISSORY NOTES,

BILL-HEADS,

ENVELOPES,

HANDBILLS,

HORSE BILLS, &c. &c.

will be promptly attended to, at moderate rates.

—Printing done in Gold, Bronze, and all kinds of FANCY COLOR.

January 25—ly

TO THE READERS

of

The Transcript Office,

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

IF you want a good likeness of yourself or family call at

J. M. HORNING'S,

ONE DOOR WEST OF ROBERT'S STOVE,

AND IN THE HOUSE.

WHERE you will get pictures from the beautiful Little Pearl Ferriette to the life-size Photograph.

All who wish a correct likeness of themselves or friends should embrace this opportunity and call at once.

Particular attention paid to copying daguerre-

otypes and portraits of deceased persons into card or large size Photographs.

A proof will be shown before the pictures are finished.

A good assortment of Rustic and other Pictures.

It will afford us pleasure to have you call to our

Esthetic Studio, and we will be happy to oblige.

January 4—2m.

J. M. HORNING,

MANUFACTURER OF

AVIS & THOMPSON,

PENNNSGROVE, SALEM COUNTY, N. J.

THIS Machine, as the name indicates, is equal, and in many respects surpasses all others now in use.

1st. Equal in power.

2nd. Superior in portability; can be moved easily by one or two men from one stump to another.

3rd. Superior in simplicity; can be made by any farmer, assisted by a blacksmith.

4th. Superior in quick action; can take up more stamps in one day than any other puller now in use.